HUTCHINSON'S

REPUBLICAN

SONGSTER,

FOR

1860.

EDITED BY

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON,

OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY OF SINGERS.

"Lincoln and Liberty!"

NEW YORK:

O. HUTCHINSON, PUBLISHER,

272 GREENWICH STREET.

1860.

DAVIES & KENT, Printers, 113 Nassau Street, N.Y.

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THE

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

Resolved, That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican electors of the United States, in convention assembled, in the discharge of the duty we owe to our constituents and our country, unite in the following declarations:

First—That the history of the nation, during the last four years, has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now, more than ever before, demand its peaceful and constitutional triumph.

Second—That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in our federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions, and that the federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States must and shall be preserved.

Third—That to the Union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population; its surprising development of material resources; its rapid augmentation of wealth; its happiness at home and its honor abroad, and we hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion, come from whatever source they may; and we congratulate the country that no Republican member of Congress has uttered or countenanced a threat of disunion, so often made by Democratic members of Congress, without rebuke and with applause from their political associates; and we denounce those threats of disunion, in case of a popular overthrow of their ascendancy, as denying the vital principles of a free government, and as an avowal of contemplated treason,

which it is the imperative duty of an indignant people strongly to rebuke and forever silence.

Fourth—That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

Fifth—That the present Democratic administration has far exceeded our worst apprehensions, in its measureless subserviency to the exactions of a sectional interest, as is especially evident in its desperate exertions to force the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the protesting people of Kansas—in construing the personal relation between master and servant, to involve an unqualified property in persons—in its attempted enforcement everywhere, on land and sea, through the intervention of Congress and the federal courts, of the extreme pretensions of a purely local interest, and in its general and unvarying abuse of the power intrusted to it by a confiding people.

Sixth—That the people justly view with alarm the reckless extravagance which pervades every department of the federal government; that a return to rigid economy and accountability is indispensable to arrest the system of plunder of the public treasury by favored partisans; while the recent startling developments of fraud and corruption at the federal metropolis show that an entire change of administration is imperatively demanded.

Seventh—That the new dogma that the constitution of its own force carries slavery into any or all the territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent, is revolutionary in its tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

Eighth—That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom; that as our republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be de-

prived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States.

Ninth—That we brand the recent reopening of the African slave trade, under the cover of our national flag, aided by perversions of judicial power, as a crime against humanity, a burning shame to our country and age, and we call upon Congress to take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

Tenth—That in the recent vetoes by their federal governors of the acts of the Legislature of Kansas and Nebraska, prohibiting slavery in those territories, we find a practical illustration of the boasted Democratic principle of non intervention and popular sovereignty, embodied in the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and a denunciation of the deception and fraud involved therein.

Eleventh—That Kansas should of right be immediately admitted as a State under the constitution recently formed and adopted by her people, and accepted by the House of Representatives.

Twelfth—That while providing revenue for the support of the general government, by duties upon imposts, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country, and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the workingmen liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence.

Thirteenth—That we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers, and against any view of the free homestead policy, which regards the settlers as paupers or supplicants for public bounty, and we demand the passage by Congress of the complete and satisfactory homestead measure, which has already passed the house.

Fourteenth—That the National Republican party is opposed to any change in our naturalization laws, or any State legislation by which the rights of citizenship, hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired; and in favor of giving a full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home or abroad.

Fifteenth—That appropriations by Congress for river and harbor improvements of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorized by the constitution, and justified by an obligation of the government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

Sixteenth—That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country; that the federal government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction, and that, as preliminary thereto, a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

Seventeenth—Finally, having thus set forth our distinctive principles and views, we invite the co-operation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their affirmance and support.

HUTCHINSON'S

Republican Songster.

LINCOLN AND VICTORY.

BY W. SCOTT.

Arise, arise, Republicans!
And bear the banner of the free
To where the star of empire lights
Us on to victory.
Then let the watch-word be.
Lincoln and Victory;
Sound it from sea to sea,
Lincoln and Victory.

Arise, arise, Republicans!
And sweep the prairies of the West,
The teeming hill-sides of the East,
For Lincoln of the West.
Then let the watchword be, etc.

Arise, arise, Republicans!
Our leader is an honest man:
We'll follow on through good or ill—
For Lincoln leads the van.
Then let the watchword be, etc.

STRIKE FOR THE RIGHT.

Once more to the combat with rekindled zeal,
Our flag to the breeze, and our hands to the steel!
We strike for the right, and we ask no delay,
We're ready and eager to rush to the fray.
Strike for the right, men, strike for the right!
Close up your ranks, men, show them your might!
Rulers may tremble, and power may quail;
We strike for the right, and the right shall prevail.

Our forests and lakes, from Wisconsin to Maine,
Send out their brave sons to the conflict again;
While mountain and prairie with camp-fires aglow,
Re-echo the war-cry and welcome the blow.
Strike for the right, etc.

The trumpets are sounding, the battle's begun,
There's danger to face, and there's work to be done;
The timid and sluggard may shrink from the fray,
The glory compensates our struggles to-day.
Strike for the right, etc.

Already their peril is felt by our foes,
Already they falter and shrink from our blows
The shout of our comrades rings thrilling and clear;
The victory's certain, the victory's near.
Strike for the right, etc.

A cheer for our leaders, the twin-hearted braves!
A cheer for the banner that over us waves!
With Lincoln and Hamlin we've nothing to fear;
The victory's certain, the victory's near.
Strike for the right, etc.

HURRAH CHORUS.

For Lincoln now we sing our lay,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
For he's the man, say what you may,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Now Illinois has one great son,
Who over the course swift will run.
He is the man, an honest one,
Oh, he's the man for me.

Old Abe can maul, or he can thrash,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
He'll give it to your Loco trash,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Your two-faced man is naught to him,
E'en now his prospects are all dim,
Abe is the man, an honest man,
He is the man for me.

Abe is not rich in worldly goods,
Oh no, oh no, oh no!
But in his thoughts, his works, his words,
He's true, he's true, he's true.
'Tis he who loves his wife and friends,
And o'er his duty daily bends.
He is the man, an honest man,
He is the man for me.

Upon the Eagle he shall ride,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

And of our nation be the pride,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
While Douglas shall remain below,
And his own horn still have to blow.
Abe is the man, an honest man,
He is the man for me.

HURRAH FOR ABE LINCOLN!

Tune—"Boatman Dance."

Hurrah! hurrah! did you hear the news?
The Democrats have got the blues;
They're puzzled now, and all afraid,
Because we've nominated Abe.
Then shout, freemen, shout!
Shout, freemen, shout!
We'll all unite
And bravely fight
For the Star of Freedom's dawning.
Hi! ho! we'll put them through,
Split their rails, and haul them too;
Hi! ho! we'll put them through,
Split their rails, and haul them too.

In all their ranks they can not find
A candidate to suit their mind;
They kick and squirm, but 'tis no use,
Their game is up, their platform's loose.
Then shout, freemen, shout!
Shout, freemen, shout!
We'll all unite
And bravely fight!
For the Star of Freedom's dawning.
Hi! ho! etc.

They know that they will lose the day
If they take up with *Stephen A.;*
And so to add to their humbug swell,
I think they'd better take up *Bell.*
Then shout, freemen, shout!
Shout, freemen, shout!
We'll all unite
And bravely fight
For the Star of Freedom's dawning.
Hi! ho! etc.

I hear they've bought an old steam-tug,
On which to place poor little Dug;
For President too late they've found
His coat tail comes too near the ground.
Then shout, freemen, shout!
Shout, freemen, shout!
We'll all unite
And bravely fight
For the Star of Freedom's dawning.
Hi! ho! etc.

We'll give them Ham enough this fall,
To satisfy them one and all;
Served up in style quite neat and plain,
Just imported from *Old Maine.*
Then shout, freemen, shout!
Shout, freemen, shout!
We'll all unite
And bravely fight
For the Star of Freedom's dawning.
Hi! ho! etc.

Hurrah! hurrah! we are sure to win,
And the way we'll beat will be a sin;

The coming year's impending blast
Will show them they have crowed their last.
Then shout, freemen, shout!
Shout, freemen, shout!
We'll all unite
And bravely fight
For the Star of Freedom's dawning.
Hi! ho! we'll put them through,
Split their rails, and haul them too;
Hi! ho! we'll put them through,
Split their rails, and haul them too.

A SUIT OF LINCOLN GREEN.

The knight of Snowden—James of yore,
(A braver ne'er has been,)
Sir Walter* tells us that he wore
A suit of Lincoln green!

A uniform we *soon* shall see
For true men; 'twill be seen,
Republicans! that garb must be
Of sober Lincoln green!

Yes! brothers, let us here be sworn
For men of honest mien,
No better colors can be worn
Than sober Lincoln green!

* See Scott's description of James Fitz-James in "The Lady of the Lake."

THE PEOPLE'S NOMINEE.

BY KARL KRITON.

Air—"Nelly Bly."

Republicans! with peerless might,
Proudly lead the van!
Strike for freedom! strike for right!
"Old Abe's" an honest man.
He, a noble President,
The ship of state shall guide;
While o'er a nation's senators,
Hamlin shall preside.
Hi! Lincoln! ho! Lincoln!
An honest man for me;
I'll sing for you—I'll shout for you—
The People's nominee.

Once we had a compromise,
A check to Slavery's wrong;
Douglas crushed the golden prize,
To help himself along.
Then the North, and then the West,
Arose with giant power;
Pierce succumbed to the South's behest,
But Douglas had to cower.
Hi! Douglas! sly Douglas!
A senator would be;
So he tried the "Squatter dodge,"
And went for Kansas free.

Democrats, (or "office rats,")
Met to nominate;
"Fire-eaters" came, all aflame,
To sever State from State;

Their slave-code, (*and Covode,*)
Caused the "Softs" to quake;
The "Little Giant," now defiant,
No slave-code would take.
Oh! alas! beef is scarce!
To the North they go:
See once more, at Baltimore,
Our *united* foe!

But the People met *en masse*,
In the boundless West;
Of Freedom's sons a noble class!
Some loved Seward best;
Chase, McLean, and Bates, I ween,
Are worthy such a call;
"Old honest Abe's" the People's choice,
And we'll roll on the ball.
Hi! Lincoln! ho! Lincoln!
President shall be;
One and all, roll on the ball,
For the People's nominee.

No missile sent, with ill intent,
Across the Ohio River;
The South's dark crime, in God's own time,
She'll wipe away forever.
Yet here we stand, proud Freedom's band,
No compromise with wrong;
For truth and right we'll bravely fight,
Be this our battle-song—
Hi! Lincoln! brave Lincoln!
President shall be;
We'll one and all *vote* this Fall
For the People's nominee.

FLAG OF THE BRAVE.

Republicans, list to the shouting
Of armies of freemen afar;
They come from each valley and mountain,
To gather their ranks for the war;
That shout is the watch-word of freemen,
Their banner is borne by the brave;
On its folds behold Lincoln and Hamlin,
The Union—they're able to save.
Huzza, then, for Lincoln and Hamlin,
Let the Banner of Liberty wave;
With Lincoln and Hamlin, our bosoms
Will beat to the march of the brave.

Come North and come South all together,
If shoulder to shoulder we stand,
The Flag of our Country forever
Will wave o'er our prosperous land;
No foreign aggressor can fright us,
Our colors still proudly shall wave;
With Lincoln and Hamlin to lead us,
We'll stand by the Flag of the Brave.
Huzza, then, etc.

Away, then, ye carpers and croakers,
Away with your snarling and spite;
The bright sun of Freedom is rising,
Illuming political night.
In the East see its radiance glowing
And gilding the earth with its rays;
See Falsehood and Ignorance flying
Like owls from its glorious blaze.
Huzza, then, etc.

COME ON!

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

Ho! hearts of Freemen, true and brave,
With honest ardor beating,
A nation, robbed by every knave,
Calls on us now to help and save—
To snatch her glory from its grave,
And looks for no retreating;
March to the music, boys!
Freedom forever!
Victory waits for our
Earnest endeavor!

The day of final doom has come
To Slavery's dark aggression,
And gathering like a whirlwind's hum,
A People's voice for trump and drum,
We'll charge the swooping Dragon home,
The red fiend of Oppression!
March! etc.

Free hands shall till that virgin soil—
The sunset's blooming neighbor;
And there, where simple freemen toil,
Beyond the slave-mart's bloody moil,
No chain shall clank, nor whip shall coil,
On limbs of honest labor!
March! etc.

Avaunt the coward's cringing plea,
The dread of "Dissolution;"

Our free soil *ever shall be free*,
And threatful braggarts soon may see
Their Treason's Harvest-Home shall be
To reap their own confusion!
March! etc.

Then rally rally! True and Brave,
Come on for God and Freedom!
Before eternal justice wave,
From heaven the crime-avenging glaive,
And Ruin howl above our grave
As over ancient Edom!
March to the music, boys,
Freedom forever!
Victory waits for our
Earnest endeavor!

ABE OF ILLINOIS.

From many a freeman's home and hearth
There comes a shout of joy,
(Who loves a soul of genuine worth,)
For Abe, of Illinois.

No servile politician he—
"True gold, without alloy;"
Unanimous our vote will be
For Abe, of Illinois.

No! not for party—not for spoil
Will he his gift* employ,
But for his country's good will toil,
"Old Abe," of Illinois.

* The highest gift of the Nation—the office of President.

Our hero once was short of pence,
An humble farmer's boy,
We *know* he'll teach us how to "Fence—"
"Old Abe," of Illinois.

To fence the Union all around
He'll work—*he will not toy;*
The cause is earnest and profound,
For Abe, of Illinois.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Tune—"Hail, Columbia."

AWAKE! ye sons of freedom, rise
Can ye not hear your country's cries?
Were ye but told that foes invade,
That rifles flash and deadly blade
Seek to destroy her glorious peace,
How swift your arms to bring release!

Strengthen your arms! lest dangers come
More fearful than the victim's doom;
Lest faction riot through our land,
Lest brother, slain by brother's hand,
Calls loud to Heaven for vengeance on
This happiest nation 'neath the sun.

Shall this, our land so gifted, be
Cramped by a section's tyranny?
Shall North, or South, or East, or West,
Claim despotism o'er the rest?
Nay, let us now and ever be
Joined in fond equality.

Our fathers fought for liberty,
They bled and died, and now shall we
Deny to others what they gave
To us, their children, from the grave?
Can we still cherish Slavery,
And call our country still, "The Free?"

Then, onward! patriots, *poll*-ward, on!
Till your glorious cause be won,
On! for right and liberty,
On! for just equality,
On! and let the watchword be,
"Lincoln! Hamlin! Victory!"

THE GRAND RALLY.

From hilltop, from valley, from mountain, from plain,
Come, Freemen, assemble, assemble;
The glad shout of Freedom send forth like a flame,
At its sound shall fell Tyranny tremble.
From woodland and heather,
Come gather, come gather,
And unfurl the bright flag of Freedom forever.
'Tis the province of thee,
Being sons of the Free,
To combat with tyrants, 'tis Freedom's decree:

From the forge, from the mines, from the anvil we call
Working-men, sons of toil! 'tis thy right
To combat with those who would labor enthrall,
And be foremost of all in the fight;

From workshops and fields,
Come, Labor, reveal
Honest faces which oil, smoke, and dust can't conceal,
Make every sledge that you sling
On the firm anvil ring
The bold song of Freedom that Labor is King.

For Liberty, "Lincoln," for "Hamlin," our cause,
And a free public domain, we fight;
A free Constitution, correct honest Laws,
Elevation of labor and right,
We swear in our might,
On this spot to unite,
For "Free Soil" in our natures we love it
The "Territories" shall be
As unpledged and free
As the eagle that hovers above it.

TO THE VOTERS OF 1860.

There's a band of soulless traitors
Who Freedom would enchain,
Who would sell their country's honor
For selfish power and gain.

With the chains they are forging daily,
They vow to circle your land;
With the darkest and deepest of curses
Your children's home they brand.

Shall the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers
Bow low at the tyrant's nod?
Shall they traitors prove to their noble trust,
To Freedom and to God?

Shall America lose her glory
And be but a land of slaves?
Will ye blush when ye own your country?
Go, view your fathers' graves!

Ye are brave, and your proud hearts never
Could brook the captive's chain:
Will ye help them to bind another
To the soul-rack and the pain?

Will ye barter the birthright given,
And sell your souls for gold?
Will ye prove your hearts are darker
Than the brow of him that's sold?

Hark! the voices of freemen answer—
Their cheer breaks over the plain,
And the waves of the Kansas bear it,
The prairies smile again.

They have sternly unfurled their banners,
And bravely bear them on;
And the East and the West are waiting
To shout "The victory's won!"

May the God of our fathers help you
To battle for the right,
Lest our stars should lose their glory—
Our sun go down in night.

FOR FREEDOM AND REFORM.

Ho! ye men of every station,
Join with us for Reformation,
And for Freedom for the Nation—
We're for Freedom and Reform.
We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen,
We're for Freedom aud Reform.

On the "sacred side" forever,
We'll sustain "oppression" never,
But we'll fight for "justice" ever—
We're for Freedom and Reform.

We'll dry up disunion screechers,
And wipe out the slave-code teachers,
And cashier the slave-trade preachers—
We're for Freedom and Reform.

We will oust the treasury robbers,
And the host of hireling fobbers,
And the horde of "live-oak jobbers—
We're for Freedom and Reform.

With "Old Abe" to go before us,
And the flag of Freedom o'er us,
We will shout the sounding chorus—
We're for Freedom and Reform.

JORDAN.

BY J. J. H.

I LOOKED to the South, and I looked to the West,
And I saw old Slavery a comin',
With four Northern doughfaces hitched up in front,
Driving Freedom to the other side of Jordan.
Then take off coats, boys, roll up sleeves,
Slavery is a hard foe to battle, I believe.

Slavery and Freedom, they both had a fight,
And the whole North came up behind 'em,
Hit Slavery a few knocks, with a free ballot box,
Sent it staggering to the other side of Jordan.
Take off, etc.

If I was the Legislature of these United States,
I'd settle this great question accordin';
I'd let every slave go free, over land and on the sea,
Let 'em have a little hope this side of Jordan.
Then rouse up, ye freeman, the sword unsheath;
Freedom is the best road to travel, I believe.

The South have their school, where the masters learn to rule,
And they lord it o'er the Free States accordin'; [grit,
But sure they'd better quit, ere they rouse the Yankee
And we tumble 'em over t'other side of Jordan.
Take off, etc.

Pennsylvania and Vermont have surely come to want,
To raise such scamps as Buck and Stephen,

And they'd better hire John Mitchell with shillalah, club,
and switchel,
Drive 'em down to Alabama, and leave 'em.
Then take off coats, boys, roll up sleeves ;
Slavery is a hard foe to battle.

But the day is drawing nigh that Slavery must die,
And every one must do his part accordin' ;
Then let us all unite to give every man his right,
And we'll get our pay the other side of Jordan.
Then rouse up, ye freemen, the sword unsheath ;
Freedom is the best road to travel, I believe.

CAMPAIGN SONG

Air—"Hail to the Chief."

Freemen, the day of your triumph is dawning,
Shake out the folds of your banner once more ;
Join in the anthem that heralds the morning ;
See ! the long night of oppression is o'er.
Hark ! from our native hills,
Comes there a shout that thrills
Liberty's temple from portal to dome,
Glory to God on high !
Union with Liberty,
Finds in the hearts of our people a home.

Burnish your armors like heroes in story,
Sound the loud tocsin that calls to the war,
Freedom enthroned in the land of her glory
Bids you march on by the light of her star.
Let the wild echo sweep
Back from each mountain steep.

Brave old Columbia joins in the fray,
While with united voice
Liberty's sons rejoice
In the proud triumph that waits them to-day.

Then shall our country's name shine through the ages,
Bravely redeemed by the *men* of her soil;
Then shall the birthplace of heroes and sages
Honor the brawny-armed servants of toil.
Rally, young hearts and brave,
Let your broad banner wave
Over the nation from inland to sea.
Hasten the coming time,
When every land and clime
Breaking their shackles shall march with the free.

R. M. N.

RIDDEN BY THE SLAVE POWER.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Tune—"Benney Haven."

Ridden by the slave power,
Crushed beneath the chain,
Now is come our rising hour,
Lo! we're up again.
And voices from the mountain height,
Voices from the vale,
Say to Freedom's fearless host,
There's no such word as fail,
There's no such word as fail,
Say to Freedom's fearless host,
There's no such word as fail.

Ay! we're up to hurl the fiend
From off the tyrant throne;
To strike for man a mightier blow
Than earth has ever known;
To drag your code of whips and gyves
Up to the light of day,
And wash from our escutcheon's front
The bloody stain away,
The bloody stain away,
And wash from our escutcheon's front
The bloody stain away.

Free to speak the burning truth,
All fetterless the hand,
Never shall the Yankee's brow
Bear the cursed brand.
Send the gathering freemen's shout
Booming on the gale;
Omnipotence is for us,
There's no such word as fail,
There's no such word as fail,
Omnipotence is for us,
There's no such word as fail.

They're gathering on the mountain,
They're gathering on the plain,
And 'neath the tramp of Freedom's host
The broad earth shakes again.
And this their glorious rallying cry,
Whose firm hearts never quail:
God and the people! on for right,
There's no such word as fail,
There's no such word as fail,
God and the people! on for right,
There's no such word as fail.

I SPURN THE BRIBE.

WRITTEN BY ONE WHO COULD NOT BE BOUGHT.

Tune—"Mountains, Farewell."

THEY knew that I was poor,
And they thought that I was base,
And would readily endure
To be covered with disgrace.
They judged me of their tribe,
Who on dirty mammon dote;
So they offered me a bribe
For my vote, boys, my vote!
Oh, shame upon my BETTERS,
Who would my conscience buy!
But shall I wear their fetters?
Not I, indeed, not I.

My vote? it is not mine
To do with as I will—
To cast, like pearls to swine,
To these wallowers in ill;
It is my country's due,
And I'll give it as I can
To the honest and the true,
Like a man, boys, a man!

Did I swallow down the hook
That was bated by the base,
How could I dare to look
My children in the face?
Could I teach them the right way,
While I heard a voice within,
Reproach me night and day,
With my sin, boys, sin?

No ! no ! I'll hold my vote
As a treasure and a trust ;
My dishonor none shall quote,
When I'm mingled with the dust.
And my children, when I'm gone,
Shall be strengthened by the thought,
That their father was not one
To be bought, boys, bought.

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

ON THE STATE OF THE UNION.—BY JUDSON.

Tune—"Axes to Grind."

The Slaveholders determined to rule or to ruin,
So they set all the dough in Congress a brewin',
They wanted more country their negroes to till,
So they got the Little Giant to draw up a bill.

The Slaveocrats blew a hot piping blast,
Then hoisted the pirate flag high on the mast,
They cracked the slave-whip and held up the brander,
Then down crouched the North with the great Michigander.

In that hot fiery furnace most gloriously shone
A few noble worthies who were blessed with back-bone ;
They trusted in God, like the Prophets of old,
And the South couldn't buy them with office or gold.

The Southerners and Doughfaces united as one,
The bill was *Pierced* through, the fatal deed done ;
The Bull roared in triumph—the edict went forth,
From that time forever there should be no more North.

Now hurrah for Slavery and the Nebraska bill,
Fair Kansas is ours ; now, ye bloods, take your fill,
And all ye border ruffians unite in one band,
And drive these blue Yankees from out of the land.

There's Atchison and Stringfellow, and the pro-slavery Shannon,
Led on the vile troops with rusty shot guns and cannon ;
They swore in their vengeance the Yankees to throttle,
And they kept up their courage with a great whisky bottle.

The North had drunk deep of the pro-slavery cup,
And from their long stupor were beginning to wake up,
They vowed that the ruffians' power should be staid,
So they sent out a few Yankees with material aid.

Now these peace-loving Yankees know what's about right,
And when they're once roused they're hard boys to fight,
And those Missouri villains thought it best not to trifle
With a band of true freeman each armed with Sharpe's rifle.

Into wild consternation the vile camp was thrown,
Cold winter was coming, and their whisky all gone ;
On the Yankees in general they belched out their fury,
Then picked up their duds and went home to Missouri.

Then they called a grave war council, and a warning they sent
To their General-in-Chief, our *Great President ;*
Oh ! General, oh ! General, our cause will be lost,
Send down your militia, let Sam pay the cost.

"Oh, yes, my dear comrades," the President replied,
"I'll send down my soldiers to fight by your side;
I'm pledged to your cause, in the South is my trust,
And again I'll be President by aid of this muss."

Now all ye bold freemen go forth to the fight,
Take along your good bibles, and God speed the right;
And our banner of freedom o'er land and o'er sea,
Shall wave the proud motto, "*Columbia is free.*"
Onward, onward, our country to save,
Onward, onward, onward, ye brave.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

With corruption the land is declared to be foul,
And the public has long been a growler;
But what will it say when it learns the sad fact
That corruption has just turned out Fowler?

FREEDOM'S CALL.

Oh! wake to the sound of our Nation's appeal!
'Tis the loud voice of Freedom that calls!
Shall her sons fall asleep with the rust on their steel,
Shall the quick pulse of life no emotion reveal,
While the slave-driver reigns in our Halls?

'Tis the voice of the brave who at Lexington bled,
That calls on their sons to be brave!
'Tis the blood of our brethren at Leavenworth shed,
'Tis the life-stream that flowed from our Senator's head,
When our Sumner was beat'n as a slave.

Shall the nation that gave to great Washington birth,
And exults in the sound of his name,
Shall the Freemen who boast of their valor and worth,
Be the sport and the mock of a slaveholder's mirth,
When he gives Bunker Hill to the shame?

No! a fame more exalted our Country awaits,
While we honor the chief of our choice!
Brave Lincoln shall stand at fair Liberty's gate,
And beat back the sword of the insolent fates,
And the hearts of the Free shall rejoice!

His crown with the gems of our love we impearl!
To his worth and his valor we bow;
O'er his head the proud Flag of the Free we unfurl,
And a garland of glory shall gracefully curl
In a wreath to adorn his fair brow;

Then our land shall repose in the glorious light
Of her fame and her liberty won!
The Genius of Freedom shall stand on her height,
And wave back the tempest of discord and night,
With the clouds that obscure our bright sun.

HOPE FOR THE SLAVE.

BY J. J. H.

Tune—"Ellen Bayne."

Millions lie bleeding on the Southern plains,
Tyrants, unheeding, bind on their chains;
Moaning in sorrow, toiling in their pain,
Sighing for Liberty, but sighing in vain.
Onward, then, true hearts and brave,
Forge no chains for other slaves;
Brothers, we our land must save
From tyrants and chains.

See the helpless mother, on the auction-block,
Shrieking for her children! Hear the tyrants mock!
See them torn asunder, ne'er to meet again!
Gone to the rice-swamps—dragging their chains.
Onward, etc.

The War-cry is sounding on our Northern hills,
Free hearts are bounding—Liberty yet thrills.
Screams our wild Eagle, soaring to the sky,
God sent him here to live—our bird shall not die.
Onward, etc.

FREEMEN WIN WHEN LINCOLN LEADS.

Air—"Lutzow's Wild Hunt."

Oh, tell me, what spirit sweeps over the land,
Uniting and rousing our numbers?
And why does the North in full panoply stand,
Like a giant aroused from long slumbers—
Like a giant aroused from long slumbers?
'Twas a cry for aid that o'er us swept,
They were murdering Kansas while we slept.

But the North will not always submit to a wrong;
Once roused from her sleep, she ne'er falters.
To Kansas, despite the whole South, shall belong
Free soil, and free speech, and free altars—
Free soil, and free speech, and free altars.
The cry of Freedom each free man heeds,
And our cause must win, for Lincoln leads.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

BY JESSE.

The bill! the bill! how my heart will thrill
At the passage of the People's Homestead Bill!

Of all the mighty nations in the East or in the West,
The glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best;
We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurled,
With a general invitation to the people of the world.
Then come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way;
Our lands they are broad enough, don't feel alarm,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence is our Northern line, far 's her waters flow,
And the Rio Grande our Southern bound, way down in Mexico;
While from the Atlantic Ocean, where the sun begins to dawn,
We'll cross the Rocky Mountains far away to Oregon.
Then come along, etc.

While the South shall raise the cotton, and the West the corn and pork,
New England manufactures shall do up the finer work;
For the deep and flowing water-falls that course along our hills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep and driving cotton mills.
Then come along, etc.

Our fathers gave us liberty, but little did they dream
The grand results to follow in this mighty age of steam;
Our mountains, lakes, and rivers are now in a blaze of fire,
While we send the news by lightning on the Telegraphic wire.
Then come along, etc.

While Europe's in commotion, and her monarchs in a fret,
We're teaching them a lesson which they never can forget;
And this they fast are learning, Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do their voting, and the children go to school.

Then come along, etc.

The brave in every nation are joining heart and hand,
And flocking to America, the real promised land;
And Uncle Sam stands ready with a child upon each arm,
To give them all a welcome to a lot upon his farm.

Then come along, etc.

A welcome, warm and hearty, do we give the sons of toil,
To come to the West and settle and labor on Free Soil;
We've room enough and land enough, they needn't feel alarmed—
Oh! come to the land of Freedom and vote yourself a farm.

Then come along, etc.

Yes! we're bound to lead the nations, for our motto's "*Go Ahead*,"
And we'll carry out the principles for which our fathers bled;
No monopoly of Kings and Queens, but this is the Yankee plan,
Free Trade to Emigration and Protection unto man.

Then come along, etc.

We've a glorious Declaration to protect us in our rights,
An instrument of Freedom, for the blacks as well as whites,
And the day is surely coming when Liberty's bright sun
Shall shine with noonday splendor in the land of Washington.

Then come along, etc.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

Ye who dwell in quiet hamlets,
Ye who crowd the busy ways-
All who love this great Republic
In these dark, imperiled days,
Does your Freedom never seem
Like the beauty of a dream?

Must the lightning's flash and thunder
On our slumber glare and break,
Ere from false and fleeting visions
We to real danger wake?
Must the earthquake's heavy tread
Crush us sleepers with the dead?

Hear ye not succeeding ages,
From their cloudy distance cry?
See ye not the hands of nations
Lifted toward the threat'ning sky?
Now or never, rise and gain
Freedom for this fair domain!

We have vanquished foreign tyrants—
Now the battle draws anear;
Let not Despots have this boasting,
That a Freeman knows to fear;
By your Fathers' patriot graves,
Rise! nor be forever slaves!

Speak! ye orators of Freemen,
Let your thunder shake these plains;
Write! ye editors of Freedom,
Let your lightning rive these chains;
Up! ye sons of Pilgrims, rise!
Strike for Freedom, or she dies;

Give this land to future ages
Free, as God has made it free;
Swear that not another acre
Shall be cursed with Slavery;
Strike for Freedom and for right,
God himself is Freedom's might.

THE "NEB-RASCALITY."

AS SUNG BY THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

I.

Air—"Dandy Jim."

KIND friends, with your permission, I
Will sing a few short stanzas,
About this new "Nebraska Bill,"
Including also Kansas;
All how they had it "cut and dried,"
To rush it through the Senate
Before the people rallied, and
Before they'd time to mend it.

II, III., IV.

Air—"Yankee Doodle."

Iniquity so very great,
Of justice so defiant,
Of course could only emanate
From brain of mighty giant.
This giant, now, is very small,
As all of you do know, sirs;
But then, there is no doubt at all
That he expects to grow, sirs.

There's one thing more I ought to say,
And that will make us even—
It is to mention, by-the-way,
The giant's name is——Stephen.

GIANT'S BASS-SOLO.

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of Free-dom;
Fe, fi, fo, fum,
Dead or alive, I'll have some."

Oh, terribly the giant swore,
With awful oaths and curses,
And language such as I can not
Engraft into my verses.
There was a giant once before,
And with a sling they slew him;
That Stephen could be *slued* with one,
No one would say who knew him.

V.

Air—"Burial of Sir John Moore."

'Twas at the dead of night they met,
(So I'm informed the case is,)
Stephen in person leading on
The army of "dough-faces."
They voted, at the dead of night.
While all the land lay sleeping,
That all our sacred, blood-bought rights
Were not worth the keeping.

VI.

Air—"Yankee Doodle"—Double Quick Time.

Oh! bless those old forefathers, in
Their Continental "trowsers,"
Who in their wisdom looked so far
And organized two houses—

So let them shout, their time is short,
They'll very soon be stiller—
For in the house they'll find a boy
Called "Jack the Giant Killer."

VII.

Air—"Scots Wha' Ha' Wi' Wallace Bled."

And now, kind friends, for once and all
Let's swear upon the altar
Of plighted faith and sacred truth,
To fight and never falter;
That Liberty and Human Rights
Shall be a bright reality,
And we'll resist with all our might
This monstrous Neb-rascality!

FREE SOIL CHORUS.

BY J. H.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

All hail! ye friends of Liberty,
Ye honest sons of toil;
Come, let us raise a shout to-day
For Freedom and Free Soil.
For Freedom and Free Soil, my boys,
For Freedom and Free Soil;
Ring out the shout to all about,
For Freedom and Free Soil.

We wage no bloody warfare here,
But gladly would we toil,
To show the South the matchless worth
Of Freedom and Free Soil.
For Freedom, etc.

Nor care we aught for party names,
We ask not for the spoils ;
But what we'll have is Liberty !
For Freedom and Free Soil.
For Freedom, etc.

Too long we've dwelt in party strife—
'Tis time to pour in oil ;
So here's a dose for "Uncle Sam"
Of Freedom and Free Soil.
For Freedom, etc.

Our Southern neighbors feel our power,
And gladly would recoil,
But 'tis "*too late*"—the cry's gone forth
For Freedom and Free Soil.
For Freedom, etc.

Then let opponents do their best
Our spirits to embroil ;
No feuds shall e'er divide our ranks
Till victory crowns Free Soil.
For Freedom, etc.

They've called us "*sisslers*" long enough—
We now begin to boil,
And 'ere *November* shall come round,
We'll cook them up Free Soil.
For Freedom, etc.

Then let us sing God bless the free,
The noble sons of toil,
And let the shout ring all about,
Of Freedom and Free Soil.
For Freedom, etc.

THE BAY STATE HURRAH.

LINCOLN 's the chief to lead the way,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
The fire by night—the cloud by day,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Mailed in truth and strong in hand,
He'll bring us to the Promised Land.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

The ship of state, with tattered sail,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Is madly driving 'fore the gale,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
He'll soon repair her crippled form,
And bring her safely through the storm.
Hurrah ! etc.

The sable flag that o'er us waves,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Shall float no longer over slaves,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
From Kansas' dark and bloody ground,
To California's farthest bound.
Hurrah ! etc.

Free speech LINCOLN will aye defend,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
And Slavery's curse he'll ne'er extend,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
He goes for Freedom's holy cause,
For equal rights and equal laws.
Hurrah ! etc.

Then let us all, with loud acclaim,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Repeat the chorus of a name,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
A name at which the tyrant quails,
A name which every good man hails—
Lincoln! Lincoln! Lincoln! Lincoln!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Then rally, Freemen, for the fight,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
The arm of God is for the right,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
The right he'll own and bless the hand,
That strikes for Freedom through the land.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Lincoln! Lincoln! Lincoln!

THE BOBOLINK'S CAMPAIGN SONG.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

[When the bobolink migrates to the South, he stops singing changes his plumage, and is known as the rice-bird of Georgia and the Carolinas, and the reed-bird of Maryland.]

When I am at the sunny South,
I dare not sing my mellow strains;
A song of freedom from my mouth
Would drown amid the din of chains;
So I think-on—think-on—think-on,
Until my visit there is spent.
Now Abe Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln
Is to be our President.

So, in the clover meadows here,
I spread with joy my happy wing,
And long before another year
In the fair South-land I can sing :
Now I'll drink-on—drink-on—drink-on
From the soft flower-cups filled with dew,
Cousin Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln,
Here are my best respects to you.

May every man who feels and thinks
The time of triumph is at hand,
Repeat the song of bobolinks,
Now ringing through our happy land,
If long Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln
Fails, notwithstanding my sweet strains,
I shall get, I'm "think-in"—"think-in,"
A coat of feathers for my pains.

I can be chief musician here ;
Only a reed or rice-bird there ;
I hush my notes for half the year,
And change the plumage that I wear.
In bright fields I blink-on—blink-on ;
Now I am not a plumed poltroon,
I'll vote for honest cousin Lincoln,
To take the Presidential throne.

They have no bards nor bobolinks
To sing for Liberty divine
In the fair land where Slavery clinks
Her chains across the border line.
They will clink-on—clink-on—clink-on
Until the Union breaks in twain,
Unless votes for Lincoln—Lincoln,
Fall like storms of summer rain.

Is the watchword from Lincoln we borrow,
And he stands by his promise so true ;
Then who will our leader not follow,
When his flag is the Red, White, and Blue ?

Our voices are joined then for Union,
The stars and stripes are above ;
Huzza all for Lincoln and Hamlin !
Huzza for the men that we love !
The old Union ship, when well guided,
'Twill be found that the timbers are true ;
And soon will the storm have subsided
That threatened the Red, White, and Blue.

RALLYING SONG.

The war drums are beating ;
Prepare for the fight !
The people are gathering
In strength and in might ;
Fling out your broad banner
Against the blue sky
With Lincoln and Hamlin
We'll conquer or die.

The clarion is sounding,
From inland to shore ;
Your sword and your lances
Must slumber no more ;
The slave-driving minions,
See, see, how they fly !
With Lincoln and Hamlin
We'll conquer or die.

March forth to the battle,
All fearless and calm;
The strength of your spirit
Throw into your arm;
With ballots for bullets,
Let this be your cry:
With Lincoln and Hamlin
We'll conquer or die!

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

A LAMENT.—BY ELLA FARMAN.

Air—"Evening Bells."

The Flag of the Free, the Flag of the Free,
It droops over land, and over sea—
Our country's pride, our starry boast,
Fair hope of all Earth's weary host—
The Flag of the Free, the Flag of the Free.
It droops over land, and over sea.

What glorious souls have passed away
Since first thy folds enstarred the day!
We miss the voice of many a brave,
And Freedom's field hath many a grave.
The Flag of the Free, etc.

Oh, brothers, wave the stars again!
Let not it all be all in vain!
The foes are gathering in their might,
And now must reign the Wrong or Right.
The Flag of the Free, etc.

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

Tune—"Watchman, Tell us of the Night."

The glorious cause is moving on,
The cause once led by Washington!
The cause that made our fathers free,
The cause of glorious Liberty!
Our ranks now swell, our votes now tell,
On Freedom's cause we love so well!
And Slavery's power, now waning fast,
In midnight shade will soon be cast.
Then labor, labor, labor still,
Each vote declares a Freeman's will;
Soon Heaven's own gift the slave's will be,
The boon of glorious Liberty.

Tell us no more of Slavery's power,
'Tis weakness when compared with ours.
'Tis Satan's power condemned to die,
Freedom is strengthened from on High.
Tyrants now quail, their courage fails;
But ours, inspired by Heaven, prevails.
Thrice armed are we in righteousness,
And this our foes themselves confess.
Then onward, onward, onward still,
See how our ranks with Freemen fill!
Soon o'er the world will all men see
Triumphant glorious Liberty.

For years have Freemen bravely stood,
And breasted persecution's flood;
With justice armed, they've kept the field,
No threats or flattery made them yield.

Their flag, so fair, still floats in air;
And mark! next year 'twill still be there,
Inscribed in letters bold and free,
With one great idea, Liberty!
Then sound it, sound it, sound it strong,
That Freedom 's right, and Slavery 's wrong.
And soon this truth will all men see,
And vote for glorious Liberty.

LINCOLN, THE PRIDE OF THE NATION.

Tune—"The Red, White, and Blue."

For Lincoln, the choice of the nation,
The pride of the fearless and free,
We'll drink to his health and his station,
Whatever that relation may be.
His heart beats for Freedom remaining
On the soil where our Liberty grew—
For our brethren in Slavery sustaining,
The free flag—the Red, White, and Blue.

There are lands where the millions are yearning
For Freedom from Tyranny's chain;
For ours let our efforts be turning,
To shield her from Slavery's stain.
For Lincoln, he stands with devotion,
And swears to the Union he's true;
And he'll struggle from ocean to ocean,
To plant there the Red, White, and Blue.

No sectional feuds shall e'er sever
The bands which our forefathers wrought;
The Union forever and ever!
Unsullied, unstained, and unbought,

THE FATE OF A FOWLER.

[Showing how it is best to be off with the Old Love before you are on with the New.]

Tune—"Lord Lovel."

A Fowler one morning a poaching would go,
"I'm in for a bagful," quoth he;
So in Uncle Sam's manor he shot high and low,
And helped himself plentiful-ly, lee, lee,
And helped himself plentiful-ly.

Just then there chanced to be cocking his eye
Uncle Sam's head-keeper, J. B.,
Who caught the bold Fowler poaching so sly,
All under the greenwood tree, tree, tree,
All under the greenwood tree.

"Oh, what are you doing?" the head-keeper cried,
"You son of a gun!" cried he;
"I'll have you taken, and bound, and tied,
By the laws of this great countree, ree, ree,
By the laws of this great countree."

"Hush! hush! not a word!" the Fowler he said,
"You'll do no such a thing," said he;
"For out of this game my friends shall be fed,
And you shall be first, d'ye see? see? see?
And you shall be first, d'ye see?"

So a bargain was straightway struck between
The Fowler and sly J. B.,
And many a year, in the forest green,
They feasted right loving-ly, lee, lee,
They feasted right loving-ly.

But after a while the keeper grew old,
"And not so fit is he,"
Said Uncle Sam, "as the Douglas bold,
My forester for to be, be, be,
My forester for to be."

So the Fowler bethought him to take his game
No longer to ancient J. B.,
And straight to the friends of the Douglas he came,
As they gathered in Charleston cit-y, tee, tee,
As they gathered in Charleston cit-y.

"Ho! ho!" quoth the keeper, "if that's your way,
My day is not out," quoth he;
And straight to his master he said his say,
With a semblance of great hones-ty, tee, tee,
With a semblance of great hones-ty.

"A Fowler your manor is poaching upon!"
"Very well, then," said Samuel, said he:
"Go seize the vile caitiff, Isaiah and John,
And hang him on yonder tree, tree, tree,
And hang him on yonder tree!"

So the Fowler was caught at his poaching at last,
And the moral is plain to see:
Be off with old friendships ere new ones are fast,
And look out for the wrath of J. B., B., B.,
And look out for the wrath of J. B.

RALLYING SONG OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLUB.

"FREE TERRITORIES FOR FREE MEN."

Tune—"Koch-e-lunk."

Come all ye who work like brothers,
Come from store, from shop, from hall,
Pass the watchword to the others;
Don't you hear our rallying call?
Freedom for our Western prairies,
Freedom to Pacific's shores,
Freedom gave our land to freemen,
Free it shall be evermore.

Rally once more round the banner,
In the fight be true and strong,
Keeping step with freemen's music,
With one voice we'll shout our song—
Freedom, etc.

Let the past be now forgotten,
While sweet Freedom's foes we rout;
All we ask of each one coming,
Vote for Freedom, work and shout—
Freedom, etc.

Have you heard from old New Hampshire,
How the strikers struck up there;
Dealing deadly blows to Slavery,
Singing in the evening air—
Freedom, etc.

Then Connecticut right nobly
Next sustained the glorious fight,
Conquered all the foes of Freedom,
Shouting till the morning light—
Freedom, etc.

Shall the Empire State be wanting
When the others stand so true?
Then, let each one do his duty,
Work there is, for us and you.
Freedom, etc.

Come, then, Freemen, come and join us,
You who never came before,
All we ask is, vote for Freedom,
Till it reigns from shore to shore.
Freedom, etc.

W. B. H.

THE LIBERTY ARMY.

BY HUTCHINSON.

Tune—"Axes to Grind."

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free!
Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea!
True sons of brave sires, who battled of yore,
When England's proud lion ran wild on our shore.
When England's proud lion ran wild on our shore.
We're coming, we're coming, from mountain and glen,
With hearts to do battle for Freedom again,
And Slavery is trembling as trembled before
The oppression which fled from our fathers of yore,
The oppression which fled from our fathers of yore.

We're coming, we're coming, with banners unfurled!
Our motto is Freedom—"our country, the World!"
Our watch-word is Liberty—*Tyrants, beware!*
For the Liberty army will bring you despair,
For the Liberty army will bring you despair.
We're coming, we're coming, we'll come from afar,
Our standard we'll nail to Humanity's car.
With shouting we'll raise it, in triumph to wave,
The glory of Freedom, the hope of the Slave,
The glory of Freedom, the hope of the Slave.

Then arouse ye, brave hearts, to the rescue come on!
The man-stealing army we'll surely put down!
They're crushing their millions, but soon they must yield,
For Freemen have risen and taken the field,
For Freemen have risen and taken the field.
Then arouse ye! arouse ye! the fearless and free!
Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea.
Let our country throughout to each ocean's shore
Resound with a glorious triumph once more,
Resound with a glorious triumph once more.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE LOUD ALARM?

Tune—"Granite State."

From the green hills of New England,
From the Western slopes and prairies,
From the mines of Pennsylvania,
Have you heard the loud alarm?
For the war note has been sounded,
And the Locos stand astounded,
While their rule, in ruin founded,
Sinks before the people's arm.

Steeped in infamous corruption,
Sold to sugar-cane and cotton,
Lo! a nation's heart is rotten,
And the vampires suck her blood;
O'er our broad and *free* dominions
Rules the Cotton king whose minions
Clip our fearless eagle's pinions,
And invite Oppression's reign.

We have chosen us a leader,
And with "resolute endeavor"
Let us strike at once—or never,
For the land we love so well;
With a victory before us,
And a stainless banner o'er us,
Let us shout the joyful chorus,
Ringing loud the Freedom bell.

We believe as did the heroes
Of our noble Revolution,
That our noble constitution,
Is the guide to Liberty;
And we go for non-extension,
In the field, as in convention,
And rejoice in the declension
Of the curse of all the free.

With a patriot heart to guide us,
All the *rail*ing accusations,
Honest Abraham occasions,
Greet our ears as pleasant chimes;
For a son of honest labor,
Calling every man his neighbor,
Grasping Freedom's trenchant saber,
Stands the hero of his times.

Come, then, friends of working-classes—
Every State beneath its banners—
And with shouts and loud hosannahs
Raise the people's standard high;
Roll along the mighty chorus,
And the reeling foe before us
Never more shall triumph o'er us,
For a brighter day is nigh.

FORWARD, THE NINTH!

[This was the watchword of the Flunkies (*i. e.*, Seymour Democrats) during the last election in Connecticut, in which contest the Republicans were victorious. Three cheers for "Buckingham," and the "Old Nutmeg State."]

Tune—"Excelsior."

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the "Nutmeg State" there passed
A warrior with a Banner nice,
On which was seen this strange device—
Forward, the Ninth!*

His face was red; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And in his "Irish brogue"† there rung,
The accents of that unknown tongue—
Forward, the Ninth!

In Elm City‡ he heard a noise,
Jim English thanking the "B–hoys."

* "Forward, the Ninth!" the words of command from the mouth of the warrior in the Mexican war.
† A rale Dimecrat.
‡ New Haven.

Northeast old Windham County* shown ;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Forward, the Ninth !

"Trust Windham not," *Fernando*† *said*—
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The 'Wide-Awakes' are out in force."
He answered, while his voice was hoarse,
"Forward, the Ninth !"

"Shtop, honey," Bridget said, "and rest
Your weary head *agin* my breast."
A tear stood in his *Rum*-shot eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Forward, the Ninth !"

Beware old Windham County's spunk !
Old Windham County never'll flunk.
This was the Wide-Awakes' last good-night ;
A voice replied far up the height,
"Forward, the Ninth !"

A traveler by the faithful hound
In Windham County dead was found,
Still grasping tighter than a vice
That Banner with the strange device—
Forward, the Ninth !

There in the twilight, cold and gray,
Our Locofoco champion lay,
Nor since that day, nor far, nor nigh,
Has ever voice been heard to cry—
Forward, the Ninth !

* Windham County gave a heavy vote for Freedom.
† Fernando Wood could not save the State, with all his importation and declamation.

THE MARCH OF THE FREE.

BY HON. HORACE GREELEY.

Hark! an earthquake's deep roar o'er the country is booming,
But no ruin behind it is seen;
With joy each heart swelling, each visage illuming,
Earth brightens where'er it hath been.
The West's gallant spirits first thrilled to its pealing,
As onward it roll'd to the sea;
Now the North, East, and Center the impulse are feeling,
'Tis the rising and march of the Free!

No portents precede, and no true hearts deplore it,
No bright stars wane dim in the sky;
Misrule's cohorts faint are alone swept before it,
And quail as its blast hurtles by;
Corruption's shrunk bands to their caverns are driven;
As chaff in the tempest they flee,
While full on the ear, 'neath the glad smile of heaven,
Break the shouts and the march of the Free!

No banners are lifted, no trumpets are sounding,
As that host in its triumph moves on;
And the burst of deep joy from each valley resounding,
Tells how tearless the victory 's won.
As trembles the earth to its mighty emotion,
More firm grows each Patriot knee;
While People and States, from the Lakes to the Ocean,
Proudly join in the march of the Free!

From thy borders, Penobscot, their shout has ascended;
Connecticut's tide bears it on;
Till with thine, Mississippi, its surgings are blended,
And Roanoke recalls glories gone;

Thou, placid Ohio, art thrilled with the spirit
Waked from Michigan's marge to the sea,
Where our own noble Hudson so proudly shall bear it,
And joy in the march of the Free!

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

Our flag is there—the starry flag
Our stout forefathers gave,
O'er Freedom's home, Free Soil, Free Men,
In triumph long to wave!
Yet all its bright and shining folds
Foul Slavery seeks to stain,
Till Freedom's host is called to fight
Her battle o'er again!
And fight we will, from vale to hill,
The battle-cry is heard,
Till with Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Men,
The nation's heart is stirred.

Oh, blessed Freedom! peerless boon!
Worth all the world besides;
For thee, how many hero souls
Have gladly bled and died!
And 'tis for thee, dear Liberty,
We gather in this fight,
To save thy flag from stain and shame,
And Slavery's awful might!
Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Soil—
Lincoln and Right unrolled,
Are mottoed there for Freedom's host,
On every shining fold.

Our Flag is there! oh, bright and fair,
It leads the millions on,
Till Slavery's surging waves be stayed,
And Freedom's battle won!
And valor's arm and beauty's smile
Shall bid it proudly wave,
Till not a rood of Freedom's soil
Is cursed by chain or slave!
Free speech, Free presses, far and wide,
Be these the battle cry,
Till Freedom's flag in Freedom's cause
Is crowned with victory!

LINCOLN AND VICTORY!

Men of the North, who remember
The deeds of your sires, ever glorious,
Join in our pæan victorious,
The pæan of Liberty!
Hark! on the gales of November,
Millions of voices are ringing,
Glorious the song they are singing—
Lincoln and Victory!
Hurrah!
Join the great chorus they're singing,
Lincoln and Victory!

Come from your forest-clad mountains,
Come from the fields of your tillage,
Come from city and village—
Join the great host of the free
As from their cavernous fountains

Roll the deep floods to the ocean,
Join the great army in motion,
Marching to Victory!
Hurrah!
Echo from ocean to ocean,
Lincoln and Victory!

Far in the West rolls the thunder,
The tumult of battle is raging,
Where the sons of Freedom are waging
Warfare with Slavery!
Struggling with foes who would bind them,
Lo! they implore you to stay them!
Will you to Slavery betray them
No! no! they shall be free!
Hurrah!
Swear that you'll never betray them—
Never! they shall be free!

Men of the North, who remember
The deeds of our sires, ever glorious,
Join in our pæan victorious,
The pæan of Liberty!
Hark! on the gales of November,
Millions of voices are ringing,
Glorious the song they are singing—
Lincoln and Victory!
Hurrah!
Join the great chorus they're singing,
Lincoln and Victory!

November it is near at hand,
In a few days—few days;
The people, then, throughout the land,
Will send "Old Jimmy" home.
For they will wait no longer, etc.

The people they are not afraid,
In a few days—few days,
To take for Vice, with "Honest Abe,"
A man from Maine, his home.
For they will wait no longer, etc.

Then shout for Abe of Illinois,
For a few days—few days;
For Hamlin too your lungs employ,
For they shan't stay at home.
For we will wait no longer, etc.

The fourth of March will soon be here,
In a few days—few days;
The time for "Honest Abe" is near,
To enter his new home.
For we will wait no longer, etc.

For Lincoln and for Hamlin, too,
For a few days—few days,
We'll work with hearts that's always true,
To those they love at home,
For we will wait no longer, etc.

And when the vict'ry has been won,
In a few days—few days,
And Abe is safe in Washington,
His Presidential home.
Then we need wait no longer,
Than a few days—few days,
Then we need wait no longer,
For happy times at home.

RALLYING SONG.

Awake and raise the battle shout,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
And shake the starry banner out,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
List, rallying braves, a scream is heard—
'Tis Freedom's eagle, dauntless bird;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
He calls to victory—
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
He calls to victory—

From West to East the war-cry sweeps—Hurrah!
And echoes from our Northern steeps—Hurrah!
And proudly waves the flag we bear,
For every star is blazing there—Hurrah!
Each star is blazing there.

Our candidates are in the field—Hurran
And see! the awe-struck foemen yield—Hurrah!
"On to the White House," is the cry;
For Union and for Liberty—Hurrah!
For blood-bought Liberty.

Brave Lincoln leads the mighty host—Hurrah!
The people's pride—the people's boast—Hurrah!
And Illinois clasps hands with Maine,
And bids Oppression cease its reign—Hurrah!
Forever cease its reign.

Unconquerable as the waves—Hurrah!
We'll bury all the fed'ral knaves—Hurrah!
With "Honest Abe" to lead the van,
Bushwackers, stop us if you can—Hurrah!
Yes, stop us—if you can.

THE FUGITIVES.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

UNDER the cover of darkness,
Watching with lynx-like-eyes,
Parting the tangled brushwood,
Boldly they seek the prize.
Swift, for the boon is Freedom,
Urging them on to speed,
No matter how they suffer,
No matter how they bleed.

Far from the highways keeping,
Living as best they can,
Famine so grim and ghastly,
Fearing far less than man—
Into the swamps and marshes,
Fleeing from danger's track,
On to their goal they journey,
Never once turning back.

Hunted with guns and sabers,
Little their eyes can sleep;
Fainting and drooping and bleeding,
Steadily on they keep—
Watching the North Star glimmer,
Down through the gloom of night,
Praying for strength to struggle
On in their feeble flight.

Is there no sigh of sadness,
When from the slaver's lash
Into the wilds and thickets
Some of their victims dash—

Braving the scourge and rifle,
Fleeing to swamps and caves,
Dwelling with poisonous reptiles,
Rather than live as slaves?

Oh! to the freedom-loving,
Oh! to the hearts that feel,
How in their simple sorrow
Stories like these appeal!
Is there no love of pity
Left in the Nation's breast,
That, for the love of Freedom,
Man should be so oppressed?

WE'LL SEND BUCHANAN HOME.

Air—"Few Days."

Old "Honest Abe" we will elect,
In a few days—few days;
The Loco-focos we'll eject,
And send Buchanan home.
For we will wait no longer,
Than a few days, a few days,
For we can wait no longer,
To send Buchanan home.

Buchanan is in great distress,
These few days—few days;
His grief he scarcely can express,
Because he's going home.
For we will wait no longer, etc.

Abe Lincoln will be President,
In a few days—few days;
To him the people will present,
Buchanan's present home.
For we will wait no longer, etc.

Three hearty cheers, boys, for our cause—Hurrah!
Three for the Union and the Laws—Hurrah!
Now forward! and the day is won,
For Illinois' undaunted son—Hurrah!
For Illinois' brave son.

LINCOLN.

He comes, he comes, the fearless man;
Throw all your banners forth—
Chicago bids him lead the van
Of a united North.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Let shouts for Lincoln ring;
In Union rights let all unite
To hail our Prairie King.

A nations's hand has wreathed his brow
With stars her valor won;
To Union's quick-step, marching now,
Comes Freedom's Western Son.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! etc.

Farewell to cliques that would disown
The people's high behest—
That people's waiting hand shall crown
The champion of the West.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! etc.

The people's rights, the people's voice,
His battle-cry shall be—
A nation, in Chicago's choice,
Hails Freedom's sovereignty.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! etc.

The equal rights of North and South
He fearless doth proclaim—
He'll tear disunion's flag from both,
And blast each traitor's name.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! etc.

Then 'neath the stripes Time's hand hath blent,
'Neath stars our fathers won,
Will make our Lincoln President
In Eighteen Sixty-one.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! etc.

SONG.

Air—"Dixey's Land."

Friends of Freedom, hear the story,
How the Freemen in their glory
Went away, went away,
Went away, went away,
To the lakes, with the intention
Of attending the Convention,
Far away, far away,
Far away, far away.
Because the people do demand
A hero, a hero,
As leader of their Spartan band,
They'll take him from his "prairie-land,"
Away, away, away,
Across the line of Dixon.

At Chicago they selected
Lincoln, who will be elected,
Abraham, Abraham,
Abraham, Abraham.

As Honest Abe the people know him,
And all his actions go to show him
A true man, a true man,
A true man, a true man.
Because the people do demand, etc.

Friends of "Union" never falter,
Loco-focos can not alter,
Or delay, or delay,
Or delay, or delay,
Our country's laws or constitution,
By traitorous threats or persecution,
A single day, a single day,
A single day, a single day.
Because the people do demand, etc.

Yet there is another reason,
Why the traitor and his treason
Must decay, must decay,
Must decay, must decay:
Lincoln's friend and his protector,
His political director,
Was Harry Clay, Harry Clay,
Harry Clay, Harry Clay.
Because the people do demand, etc.

Friends of Liberty, we ask you,
And we will not overtask you,
Come away! come away!
Come away! come away!
Leave the Loco Southern section,
Save your country next election,
Election day, election day,
Election day, election day.
Because the people do demand, etc.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

Air—"Rosin the Bow."

THE Campaign commences most nobly,
The battle has fairly begun,
And every new struggle proves doubly
That "Buck" and his minions are done.

With the East and the West linked together,
Our candidates never can fail,
For the weight of a slave aint a feather
When Freemen get into the scale.

Every friend of our own "Gallant Harry,
The Star of the West," has declared
The coming election they'll carry,
For every true man is prepared.

For "Protection" the party will rally,
"Free homes for the homeless," as well,
Then we'll hear every mountain and valley
Ring forth to "Free Trade" its death-knell.

For Lincoln the party's united,
For Hamlin the people are true,
The watch-fires all have been lighted,
As once for "Old Tippecanoe."

Then bring out the music and banners,
The "*fence rails*," and orators too,
And we'll teach Loco-focos good manners,
As we did with "Old Tippecanoe."

FREEMEN, BANISH ALL YOUR FEARS.

BY R. M'N.

Air—"Scots Wha Hae."

FREEMEN, banish all your fears,
Lo! the promised morn appears,
Long foretold by Freedom's seers—
Lincoln takes the field.
Victory flashes in his eye,
Speaks in every battle-cry,
Rings along the vaulted sky,
Blazes on his shield.

See the Western prairies flame
At the mention of his name;
Hear a people's loud acclaim,
Conscious of their might;
Then behold the guilty foe,
Glutted with a nation's woe—
Patriots, do you fear them?—No.
God will speed the right.

Standing on the sacred sod,
Where our fearless fathers trod;
Must *we* tamely kiss the rod,
Bowing low the knee?
Foemen of your country's weal,
Bid your pampered hirelings kneel,
Crush *them* with your iron heel—
We, at least, are free.

And by all we love on earth,
By the land that gave us birth,
Friends of toil and honest worth,
Like our honored sires,
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,
We will march, a conquering band,
Till the altars of our land
Glow with Freedom's fires.

WIDE-AWAKE CLUB" SONG.

Tune—" A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

Oh, hear you not the wild huzzas
That come from every State?
For honest Uncle Abraham,
The People's candidate?
He is our choice, our nominee,
A self-made man, and true;
We'll show the Democrats this fall
What honest Abe can do.
Then give us Abe, and Hamlin, too,
To guide our gallant ship,
With Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Clay,
And then a merry trip.

Come, Granny Buck, you'd better go
While you can see the way,
For I fear your nerves won't stand the shock
On next election day.
So take your hat—what's that you say?
You are so cold you shiver—
Why, that's the way you feel, my dear,
When sailing up Salt River.
Then give us Abe, and Hamlin, too, etc.

I hear that Dug. is half inclined
To give us all leg-bail,
Preferring exercise on foot
To riding on a rail.
For Abe has one already mauled
Upon the White House plan;
If once Dug. gets astride of that,
He is a used-up man.
Then give us Abe, and Hamlin, too, etc.

Come rally with us here to-night,
Be "Wide Awake" for fun,
For we shall surely win the day
Before old sixty-one.
From North to South, from East to West,
Our power shall be felt;
I tell you fight with all your might,
For Abe shall have the *Belt*.
Then give us Abe, and Hamlin, too,
To guide our gallant ship,
With Seward, Sumner, Chase, and Clay,
And then a merry trip.

LINCOLN AND LIBERTY.

Air—"Rosin the Bow."

Hurrah for the choice of the nation!
Our chieftain so brave and so true;
We'll go for the great Reformation—
For Lincoln and Liberty too!

We'll go for the son of Kentucky—
The hero of Hoosierdom through;
The pride of the Suckers so lucky—
For Lincoln and Liberty too!

Our David's good sling is unerring,
The Slaveocrats' giant he slew;
Then shout for the Freedom-preferring—
For Lincoln and Liberty too!

They'll find what, by felling and mauling,
Our rail-maker statesman can do;
For the People are everywhere calling
For Lincoln and Liberty too!

Then up with our banner so glorious,
The star-spangled red-white-and-blue,
We'll fight till our flag is victorious,
For Lincoln and Liberty too!

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For when the vote was opened,
The South began to sing,
"Your little Squatter Sovereign
Sha'nt be our King!"

2. Hi diddle, diddle! the Dred Scott riddle!
The Delegates scatter like loons!
The Little Dug. swears to see the sport,
And the Southerners count their spoons.

3. There was a little Senator
Who wasn't very wise,
He jumped into Conventi-on
And scratched out both his eyes;
And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He bolted off to Baltimore
To scratch them in again.

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